

AN ESSAY
Upon the Third
Punique War.

LIB. I. and II.



To which are added
THEODOSIUS's
Advice to his Son.

AND
THE PHENIX;
Out of CLAUDIAN.

By T. R. Esquire.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata. Hor.

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To the Illustrious Prince

J A M E S

DUKE OF

MONMOUTH,

BUCCLEUGH, &c.

May it please your Grace,



He Art of War being that to which all great Men should apply their Studies (as the most Heroick Profession, to which Your Grace hath dedicated Your thoughts :) This Essay (besides that it hath the Honour to be born in Your Service) may justly claim Your Protection ; and the rather, because in it there is an Image of a Brave Young Heroe, whose Vertue so far out-strip'd the Deliberate Promotions of his Countrey, that He ascended to the Highest Dignities by Dispensations

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the Roman Laws, not sought by his Ambition, but voluntarily indulged to his Worth: all which he obtain'd, not so much by his Birth (though of the most Noble) as by an early application of Himself to the Study of what a Great Man should do, and bringing into practice what he had studied. And he was happy in this, that his Employments seemed to be conferred on Him, rather by Necessity than choice, He appearing rather the Sanctuary, than Servant of his Countrey, by securing them from the Fears of Carthage and Numantia. I present Him to Your Grace, in little and a rough Draught, leaving Him to some better Hand to finish; hoping Your Grace will more regard my desire, than my Art to express my self

Your Grace's

Most humble and most
faithful Servant

T. R.



AN ESSAY

Upon the Third

PUNIQUE WAR.

LIB. I.

Time to that Point had run ; when Conscious
 Fate,
 Resolv'd no more to strive with *Juno's*
 Hate ,
 But with the Gods comply, who now their doome
 Had given 'gainst *Carthage*, and reserv'd for *Rome*
 The Empire of the World : while *Libya* sees
 Signs of their Wrath, and their severe Decrees.
 All that of Prodigie, in Heaven or Earth
 Could be produc'd ; All that with monstrous Birth
 Could Nature fright, or fill the World with Fear,
 Or could confirm the People in Despair,
 Shew'd that all Causes must to Fates give way,
 And, that the Gods themselves those Laws obey.

B

(a) Scarce

(a) Scarce were the wounds of that Destructive War,
Which left in *Africk's* Face so deep a Scar,
Clos'd up, when a Disdain of Roman Chains,
And sense of Shame, through her yet Bloodless Veins,
Like a dire Feaver, runs, inflames her Heart,
And with a troubled Pulse, strikes every Part.

(b) The Cause of so great Ills, my Muse relate;
And why the Ruin of an Anient State
The Gods, and Men should joyntly so conspire.
Must nothing under Heaven be kept entire
When Great? then (*Rome*) thy Fate will be the same,
With that of *Carthage*, and when thy proud Name
Hath fill'd the World so, that Thou canst not rise
More high, nor be a nobler Sacrifice
To Fortune; Nations, conquer'd by Thee, shall
Divide, with Joy, the Trophies of thy Fall.
After the Ivory Palaces inlay'd

With Gold, and *Syphax* crown the spoils were made

(a) *The Peace after the end of the Second Punique War, continued about 50 years; during which time though the Carthaginians increased in Wealth and Pople, Massanissa very injuriously possessed himself of much of their Territories, and though they often appealed to the Romans, yet could they never have redress; which in some of the Great Ones added much to their in-bred detestation of their power over them.*

(b) *Massanissa presuming upon his friendship with the Romans, had so highly provoked the Carthaginians, that they sent an Army against him under the Conduct of Hasdrubal, who was overthrown; by reason of which, Massanissa not onely more encroached upon them, but the Romans likewise (to whom they still appealed for Justice) made this an infringement of an Article of their League, obliging them not to take Arms against an Ally of Rome, and thereupon prepared for War,*

Of

Of *Scipio*, *Carthage* disarm'd of all
 Her Force by Sea and Land, and *Hannibal*
 In all the World, *Rome's* Fear, Alone, remain'd;
 Whose death, with infamy soon after stain'd
Bithynia's Throne; as if above the stroke
 Of Fate, or Fortune, *Massanissa's* Yoke,
 Heavier than *Rome's*, on *Libya's* Neck was lay'd;
 For than a Civil Hand, which has betray'd
 Its Country, what can give a deeper Wound?
 Such to serve *Rome* was *Massanissa* found.
 What she had spar'd, He, cruelly destroy'd:
 And what her Pity left, his Pride enjoy'd,
 She, Honour, only, by her Conquest sought,
 And lasting Trophies to her Temples brought,
 Where emulous Nephews, might her Actions read,
 And boldly in those steps of Honour tread.
 He sought not to subdue, but to oppress,
 And by extending Pow'r, made Glory less.
 No Bounds to his Ambition set a Bar,
 But all was justly gain'd, atchiev'd in War.
 His violated Faith must serve the Times,
 And give a Pious Name to greatest Crimes.
 Poor *Libya* must believe, 'tis Heaven's Decree
 That she to *Roman Laws*, should subject be.
 Her Antient Valour to Religion now
 Must yield, and to such servile Dictates bow,
 (c) As to her Fathers were unknown before;
 And what she hated once, she must adore.

(c) The Numidians though their Countrey was very fertile, wholly neglected Tillage and all sort of Husbandry, living in Tents, and removing as their Pasture failed; till Massanissa having united Syphax Kingdom to his own Inheritance, reduced them to a more civil life. Vid. App. lib. Libyc.

Unhappy State, where Treason takes her Stand
 Upon the Throne, and do's in Chief command ;
 All Rites, all Laws to Insolence give way ,
 And what should most command, do's most obey.
 The Voice of Heav'n to attend all Pow'r appears,
 But a vain Sound still fills the Peoples ears ;
 What they expect, they seldom can enjoy,
 And present Evils, all future Hopes destroy.
 The gilded Name of Publick Good brings in
 All Mischief, and what Vertue seems, is sin.
 Their use of Arms, under the *Latine* Gown,
 Is lost, *Rome's* Rites the *Libyan* Customs drown.
 As a fierce Horse, by stroaking, do's admit
 To bear a Rider, and receives the Bit ;
 Which settled in his Jaws, he quickly feels
 The Wand, and fury of the Rider's Heels.
 So by the Civil Customs brought from *Rome*,
 By *Massanissa*, *Libya* lost at Home
 That noble fierceness that once arm'd their hand
 Against the World, and gain'd by Sea and Land,
 Such Conquests, as no Nation, cou'd exceed,
 But that, to which, Heav'n had the World decreed.
 But in some breasts, the Ancient *Tyrian* Name
 As yet surviv'd, and Courage was the same,
 As when *Amilcar*, or his Valiant Son,
 For Empire, and Revenge the War begun.
 The chief of these was *Hasdrubal*, who stood
 High in the Peoples favour, as in Blood
 Deriv'd from Ancestors, who thither came
 With *Dido*, and preserv'd a Noble Name.
 Grief now to see the *Carthaginian* Bounds
 Confin'd to *Byrsa's* Walls, his soul confounds.
 Pity, and Rage, at once his thoughts divide,
 Which streight are wholly to revenge app'it.

Revenge,

Revenge, that gives all ease to present Ills,
 And with false hope deluded Fancy fills.
 On this he often meditates, yet dares
 Not speak his thoughts, but while he hopes, despairs.
 He's safe, while his designs he lays alone
 But still in danger, when to others known.
 The Pow'r of *Rome*, all Courage had suppress'd,
 And planted Terror in each *Tyrian* brest;
 So that all confidence of Friends orethrown,
 The *Punique* Faith (now to a Proverb grown)
 The nearest Trust, and strictest Vows betrays,
 And Treachery Religion oversways.

But yet this Fury, with another joyn'd,
 Dispels these doubts, and reconfirms his mind.
 Ambition, which in Hell her Throne maintains,
 And equal, every where, with *Pluto* raigns,
 Adorn'd with spoils of Kings, of Crowns, of Courts,
 With their sad Ruin, she insulting sports
 Her Eyes, with Envy fix'd, still upward gaze,
 As if she'd blast, with those Infectious Rayes,
 All that above her shines. On either hand
 Attending her commands, the Furies stand.
 Rebellion, Murther Treason, with all Ills
 Nurtur'd in Hell, she the dire Circle fills.
 For Action arm'd, and when from thence she flies
 T'embroil the World, they all are in disguise.
Rebellion lifting up her zealous hands,
Drest like Religion, at the Altar stands,
 And to deluded gods her Incense burns.
Murther, her self to awful Justice, turns.
 And Forms of Law, in all she acts proclaims.
Treason, the Loyal shape, and all the Names
 Of Vertue takes, officiously attends
 The Prince, and flatter'ing, all he do's commends;

*Ti'l his bad Deeds, the good by much outweigh,
And so to Ruin, the secure betray.*

It was a time, when *Carthage* (though her Fall
Recorded was, from rising *Hannibal*)
Grateful to his great Name, those Annual Rites (d)
In *Dido's* ruin'd Grove, three following Nights,
Perform'd, which dire Religion, long ago,
Had celebrated to the Pow'rs below.

When at the Altars cruel Mothers stood, (blood,
And from their Breasts, while yet they suck'd their
With flatt'ring kisses, smiling Babes betray'd
To *Stygian* flames, and dreadful Victims made :
While Nature in the Act subdu'd appears,
And Zeal choaks all their sighs, & stops their Tears (e)

The Night was come, when to *Barcinna*, sprung
From the *Barcean* Line, and when but young,
(Scarce full three *Lustra* old) by *Hymen* join'd
To *Hasdrubal*, when the glad Priest divin'd,
She, for her Countrey, with a Name above
Her Sex, should Valour's great example prove ;

(d) *Though these Sacrifices were in use with some other Nations : (even among the Romans, until prohibited by Decree of Senate, An. Urb. Cond. 657. Cornel. Lepid. and Licinius Crassus Consuls; Plin. lib. 30. Natural. Histor.) yet most notorious they were among the Carthaginians, who observed them yearly. Vid. Sil. Ital. lib. 4.*

(e) *In great Calamities, commonly the Children of the Nobility were chosen by Lot, who sometimes redeem'd them by the purchase of others ; whose Mothers lost their Reward, if they were seen to weep or sigh : continually kissing and flatt'ring their Children, that the Sacrifice might not be offered weeping or lamenting. Vid. Arnob. lib. 8. Plutarch. de Superstit.*

To Her, with a distracted look, he thus
 Begins, *What end to Carthage, and to Us,*
Us born to Greater Things, do's Fate design?
Fortune not Us, We rather Her decline,
While thus, with our unactive hands, we seem
As chain'd, nor seek Our Country to redeem.
Rome, though remote, with her Decrees alone,
Extends perfidious Massinissa's Throne;
Our Walls contracts, deprives us of our Force,
And from Our Temples doth Our Gods divorce.
All that with Us is Sacred, is their Scorn,
Our Altars Spoils, Triumphal Cars adorn.
'Tis not enough that they should Us subdue,
Our Laws are lost, Religion's captiv'd too.
Yet this, true Libyan Courage may restore,
We may do that which hath been done before.
A Woman first Our Fam'd Foundation lay'd,
Heav'n hath to Thee, a Soul, as brave convey'd.
All that was Great in Her, Thou art, and more:
As to Begin, is less, than to Restore.
Her weak Beginnings nothing did oppose.
Rome, and the World about Us, are Our Foes;
As if that Heav'n had built up all these Pow'rs
To be o'rthrow'n, and make that Glory Ours.
Great Actions from their dangers take esteem,
And should we want success, we shall not seem
In Story less: 'tis next to Victory
To attempt bravely, and if Carthage be
Destin'd to Ruin, Future Times will call
Us Happy, who scorn to survive her Fall.
As thus he spake, Barcinna whom the same
Thoughts and desires did equally inflame,
Prevents the rest with Kisses, and inspires
New Rage into Him with those melting Fires;

Applauds his high Designs (for her before
 The Furies had possess'd with this and more :)
 Tells him, with smiles , *This, Hasdrubal, alone,*
Becomes Our Blood, and can give Thee a Throne.
 Hopes of Revenge and Pow'r, may Woman bear
 To all Attempts, if not restrain'd by Fear.
Her above that Barcean Blood had plac'd,
And therefore all things else, she soon embrac'd ;
 All that his Reason could before Her lay,
 As to be shun'd, her Courage takes away.
 She Rome's and Massanissa's force defies.
 And fondly dreams of Future Victories.
 Cries, *Come (my Hasdrubal) 'tis only Fear*
Hath kept that Yoke, upon Us, which We bear.
Now shake it off ; United Force, though less
Than when dispers'd, is nearer to success.
Our strength, which once their Policy disjoin'd,
Their Tyranny doth now more firmly bind.
Carthage is One ; not Hanno's Race can call
Themselves more free, than that of Hannibal.
We all are equal Slaves, all equal Foes,
Rome after Victory, no Difference knows.
No Faction now, will for their Peace declaim,
All equally detest the Dardane Name.
Babes from Our breasts, an innate hatred take,
And curse a Roman, soon as they can speak.
No Age, or Sexe, will their best Aid deny,
And those, who cannot fight for Us, can die.
Die to appease those gods, whose Rites now lost,
Have made poor Carthage mourn, and Rome to boast.
 As this she spake, her hand she laid upon
 A lovely Boy (scarce six year old) her Son.
Princes, in pious Acts, should Leaders be,
And this the gods expect from Us, (said she)

This

*This was the First-Fruit of our Nuptial Vow,
 And we the Noblest Victims should allow
 To Pow'rs, which we adore : Amaz'd he stood
 At this, and Horror runs through all his blood.
 Within himself he feels a cruel War,
 And yet assents to what he do's abhor.
 And streight by either Hand, they lead the Boy,
 A Sacrifice both of their Grief and Joy.
 The Place and Season for the Fact conspires,
 The Night in Horror wrapt up all her Fires.
 The Moon to Hell retir'd, asham'd her Eye
 Should see it, while she govern'd in the Sky.
 The Place (a Place of Terror) was the Wood
 Where once *Elysa's Stygian* Temple stood.
 Where Birds of Night, perpetual Dirges sung
 Of those were sacrificed, and among
 The Boughs and hollow Trunks, sad howlings gave.
 Under the Temple was a spacious Cave,
 Where in eternal Darkness next to Hell,
 The dreadful Priests, ever chose to dwell ;
 Detesting all that pleas'd the Eye or Ear,
 A constant Friend to Terror and Despair.
 Three Lamps, with Sulphur fill'd, a noisome Mist
 Expir'd, and Serpents in each corner list.
 The Roman General, who did abhor
 What here was done, after the former War
 This Temple with the Grove had quite destroy'd,
 But yet they, secretly, the Cave enjoy'd.
 In midst of which a Marble Altar stood
 Still to maintain their thirst of Human blood.
 Hither this Impiously Pious Pair
 Conduct their Son, upon whose curling Hair
 His cruel Mother several Fillets ty'd,
 In each a Charm ; pleas'd with their Fatal Pride,*

The

The Pomp of his approaching Death, the Child
 First on his Father, then on's Mother smil'd;
 Who takes Him in her Arms, and thrice caress'd
 With Kisses, while He, mutually express'd
 His Joy, and's hands upon her Shoulders throws;
 While the sad Father, by his silence shows
 His inward grief. She like *Medea* round
 The Altar trots, and with the dreadful sound
 Of words, scarce understood, the Pow'rs of Hell
 Implores, with all that in those Mansions dwell.
 All that she fondly, did believe could lend
 Their Aid, or did of *Cadmus* Race descend.
 Above the rest She *Hannibal* invokes,
 And streight at his great Name the Altar smokes.
 A thick and gloomy Flame from neighb'ring Hell,
 Arose, and struck the Sense with Sulph'rous smell.
 Pleas'd with the Prodigy (she cries) *See there,*
My Hasdrubal, see where the gods appear.
From her own Throne, see Hecate, intent
In what we offer here, her Fire hath sent
A friend to Hannibal, and all that are
Friends to his Name, and Carthage in this War,
The Omen (pow'rful goddess) we adore,
And thy forsaken Rites we thus restore.
 This said, the dire distraction of her Face
 Creates and adds new Terror to the place.
 The Boy snatch'd up, She on the Altar flings,
 And horrid Notes in broken Murmurs sings.
 So to delude, and to suppress his cries,
 Till smiling on her Face with doubtful Eyes,
 The Stygian Knife, was to his Throat apply'd,
 Which twice the trembling Father put aside;
 Until at length Religion overstay'd,
 And Nature Laws, which she detests, obey'd.

The Wound thus by the Mother given, the Life
 O' th Child, streight follow'd the Retracted Knife.
 Then with redoubled strokes she opens wide
 His brest, where her dire Hands the Lungs divide,
 And a fresh Part at every dreadful Name
 Of *Hecat*, offers to the Rising Flame,
 Till, with the Night consum'd, th approaching day,
 (Which must not see such deeds) them call'd away.

And now the noise of war all *Libya* fills,
 And Prodigies denounce approaching Ills.
 Wild Beasts the Desarts quit in midst of Day,
 Run into Cities, and return with prey.
 Serpents from thirsty sands to Rivers fly,
 And poison springs, while there they drink and dye.
 Earth in her Womb doth strange Convulsions feel,
 By which the Palaces of Princes reel,
 As drunk, with lusts of those, who in them dwell.
 And to fore-shew their Masters Ruin, fell.
 The Sea, unmov'd by Winds, is heard to roar,
 And casts up bodies long since wrack'd ashore.
 Prodigious Fires above her Surface flie,
 While Mariners no more explore the Skie
 For Guides to sail, but fool'd by Pannick Fear,
 Forsake their Course, and after Meteors steer.
 Comets with points uncertain shine above,
 And threaten all beneath them as they move :
 Or menace, as their flatt'ring Prophets say,
 All Nations but their own, and so betray
 To a secure Credulity their Friends,
 Or to presume 'gainst that, which Heav'n intends.
 And such was *Hafdrubal's* sad Fate, who now,
 Assumes the War, under a guilty Vow.
 Turns all those threatnings of the gods on those,
 Who *Carthage* emulate, or are her Foes.

*Mong all the Nations, that in *Libya* dwell,
 From whence the *Niles* eternal Waters swell,
 To *Ethiopian* Woods, or dangerous Sands
 Of *Nasamon*, none equal Force commands
 To the *Numidian*, a People blest
 With Air, and Soil, more temperate than the rest.
 They Natures Dictate follow every where,
 And promptly, whatsoever Earth doth bear,
 Take up for Food, without all skill to raise
 The Appetite, the Dews of Nights and Days,
 Intemperate Heats, they patiently endure,
 And to Continual Toil themselves enure.
 Ready for War, flying the Arts of Court
 And City-frauds, They to the Fields resort,
 Lodge with their Flocks, still arm'd, expect the Foe,
 No costly Equipage for Camps they know,
 Nor ought that may effeminate the mind.
 Over all these, since *Carthage* first declin'd,
 (f) Great *Massanissa* reign'd; but, soon as Fate
 Took him away, *Rome* conscious of what weight
 That Scepter was, not to be sway'd by One
 Alone, divides it. On his Eldest Son
 The noblest Part, the Charge of Peace at Home,
 (g) Bestows, with *Cirta's* Riches, but (what *Rome*

(f) *Massanissa* confident of the Friendship he had contracted with the House of *Scipio*, at his death left his Kingdom to be divided among his three Sons, as *Scipio* should determine; who so disposed the parts of it, as none of them should be intrusted with too much power. Appian. *ibid.*

(g) *Cirta*, situate in the midst of *Numidia*, the Metropolis of *Massanissa* and his Successors Kingdom, and by them made so potent, that it could furnish out 10000 Horse, and 20000 Foot. Vid. *Strab.* lib. 17.

Did more import) upon the Next confers
 The Charge of all *Numidia's* Arms and Wars.
 Whither they should pursue *Maurusian* Horse,
 Or *Byrsa's* Walls, or *Hippargeta* Force :
 Or following *Roman* Ensigns Cities aw
 That doubtfull stood, and to Alliance draw.
 The Third the People did to Justice bring,
 And Laws observ'd, in this no less a King ;
 Which Title by Decree they all did share,
 And equally the Royal Ensigns wear.
 With this * *Gerion Rome* a while maintain'd
 Th'instable pow'r she had in *Africk* gain'd ;
 But when despair again had *Carthage* arm'd
 By *Hasdrubal's* successful Troops alarm'd, (h)
 The *Libyan* Cities, the attested gods
 Forget, and where they see the present odds,
 To *Carthage*, or to *Rome*, as Friends adhere,
 And lend their Aid induc'd by Hope or Fear,
 Some nobler Souls, their Countrey's Freedom fir'd,
 Some Memory of Ancestors inspir'd,
 Some that their Captiv'd gods might be restor'd,
 Or Princes, whom they next to them ador'd,
 Of these *Numidia* many yet retain'd,
 Who *Syphax* Name still honour'd and disdain'd

* Three Brothers who reign'd in Spain, so unanimous in
 their Government, that they gave occasion to Poets to
 join them one Monster with three heads, and all mem-
 bers trebled, &c.

(h) *Hasdrubal* had in the Field a flying Army of about
 10000 men, with which he continually infested the
 Romans then in *Africk*, and upon some successes over
Manlius the Consul, several Cities declared for him,
 and some joyned with him in the Field.

The pride of *Rome*, who no distinction made
 'Twixt Kings, and Slaves, but did alike invade
 Their Necks with Chains, and those of highest Birth,
 (The next to Heav'n) levell'd with basest Earth,
 And, now with *Hasdrubal Phamaas* joyns (i)
Numidian Troops, and *Rome's* Command declines,
 Derides her Fasces and her Consul meets
 In open Fields, and valiantly defeats
 Her late Victorious Bands, and by success
 Her pow'r impairs, and makes her Glory less.
 So that the Faith of *Massanissa's* Heir, (k)
 In Arms is broke, or else deprest d by Fear.
 While, doubtful, He his promis'd Aid with-draws,
 And seems to favor *Libya's* Common Cause,
 Jealous alike, both of his Friends, and Foes,
 Through Desarts, and through Sands, the Consul goes,
 To seek a safe Retreat, sometimes he stands
 In Battle, in a Plain; His weary Bands
 Sometimes encamp'd, are licenc'd to repose.
 When streight they are surrounded by their Foes:

(i) *Phamxas was made General of the Horse to Hasdrubal, and so active, that he in several conflicts, worsted the Romans, and in their Marches cut off their Provisions. Vid. Appian. ibid.*

(k) *The ill success of the Roman Arms both under Manlius and Calphurnius, gave courage to some to declare against them, and many to appear Neuters; among others one Bithyas left Gulassa (the second Son of Massanissa) and fled with 800 Horse to Hasdrubal, while Micipsa and Mastanabas his two Brothers, could not be invited to take the Field, neither would Gulassa march with the Army under his command, but with the rest expected further Events. Vid. Appian. ibid.*

Whose active Fury, to disturb their Rest,
 With show'rs of Darts, and Arrows them infect;
 While, as besieg'd, they day and night defend
 Their Trenches, and still fresh Assaults attend.
 Here, with light Troops *Phamaas* scoures the Plains,
 There *Hasdrubal* all Forragers restrains,
 Till Famine wak'd in every Roman Breast
 That ancient Valour which their Fear suppress :
 Creates new Rage, gives such a Sense of Shame,
 That, even the Common Men their Leaders blame,
 Call for the Signal, and without delay,
 Through their insulting Foes do force their way.
 All Order's lost, and, what they did allow
 Was Mutiny before, is Valour now.
 In this brave Fury, with a joynt Consent
 They fill with Clamour the Pretorian Tent,
 Where for the Rest, *Sertorius* thus begun,
Do we live, Consul, and behold the Sun,
While all the Victories, that Rome may boast,
In this Inglorious Camp, are tamely lost ?
Even we are they, who in the Book of Fame,
Degenerate, and Base, expunge her Name ;
All the Disgraces, which her Infant Wars
Had brought upon her, were with noble Scars,
In her Maturer Age to Glories turn'd,
And, where She once her slaughter'd Sons had mourn'd,
Triumphal Arches stood, which now again
We here demolish, with a deeper stain
*Than * Caudine straits, or the Victorious Gaul*
Could ere have giv'n, what more could Hannibal

* Where near the Town Caudium, the Samnites van-
 quished the Roman Army, commanded by Sp. Posthu-
 mius, making them all to pass under the Yoke.

Before have Wish'd, or Carthage now desire
 Then thus to see the Roman Yonth expire,
 Arm'd, and without a Wound. It is Our Fear
 Gives Strength and Courage to the Foe, 'tis here,
 We put the Capitol, into their Pow'r.
 To ravish Matrons, Virgins to deflowre,
 To captivate Our Sons, and what is more
 To give Them, All that World was Ours before.
 Oh base desire of Life! when abject Fear
 Of Death, shall prompt Us all, those Ills to bear!
 These Wounds (with that detects his Breitt) these Scars,
 Ensigns of Honour, gain'd in Former Wars,
 Would blush for shame, did not the want of Food
 Which makes them pale, deny supplies of Blood.
 If after this, another life there be
 Where Vertue hath reward, unhappy We
 Who, through this Infamy, no place can claim
 In those blest Shades, with those of Roman Name.
 Unburied here, our Ghosts must wand'ring go,
 Lamenting still this Memorable Wo,
 And never Lethe pass. As this he spoke,
 A storm of sighs the Camp about him shook.
 Their pallid Cheeks o'reflown with Silent Tears,
 And Indignation strait expelling Fears,
 Their Eagles are advanc'd, and every Hand
 Arm'd for the Charge, expecting the Command
 Which now the Consul gives, and leads them on,
 With that the Gates and Ramparts overthrow'n,
 They rush into the Plain, as when with rain
 Increas'd, the Banks that lately did restrain
 Its force, a River overflows, and fills
 The neighb'ring level round, strait to the Hills
 The Shepheards with their Flocks affrighted fly,
 The Heards their Pastures quit, and suddenly

The

The Folds and Cottages are born away,
 And to the Torrent, the whole Field's a Prey,
 With no less Fury the *Ausonian* Bands
 The *Libyans* invade; no Force withstands
 Where they appear, but scatter'd through the Plain
 Where Terror leads, they fly, while all, in vain,
 Here *Hasdrubal*, *Phamaas* there exclaims,
 Upbraids their flight, recalls them by their Names
 Into the Fight: but deafness every Ear
 Had stopt, and Sense of Honour's lost in Fear.
 All forward press, not any One is found
 To turn his Face, and take a noble Wound,
 But feel that Danger, which they never see,
 While Showers of Piles and Javelins as they flee,
 Fall on their backs. Confusion drives them all,
 Yet stops their speed, while every one doth call
 On his Comrade, and with a threatening Hand
 Repells his Steed, and bids him make a stand,
 Yet spurs to be the first, until the Night
 Approach'd, and better to secure their flight,
 Upon an Hill a spacious Wood appear'd,
 Thither they flee: there, boldly, what they fear'd
 Examine, why they fled? who first begun
 To turn their backs, and from the Combat run?
 None guilty are, on Fortune, all, the Crime
 Reject, and vow Revenge another time.

And now with constant speed, the Hours had run,
 To call to *Thetis* Bed the sleeping Sun:
 Where while He lay, both Armies watchful are,
 And fear, alike, the Stratagems of War.
 The Roman General amidst the Plain
 Sets out, anew his Camp, and calls again
 His Troops from the pursuit, rewards the Toils
 Of this so happy Day, with *Libyan* Spoils.

Spoils by despair, as well, as Valour gain'd,
 And without danger not to be retain'd.
 For now incens'd, at their so shameful Flight
 The *Libyans* in Counsel spend the Night,
 And with the rising Day advance again,
 And cover with their rallied Force the Plain,
 Rending with barbarous shows the trembling Air,
 When strait the *Romans* to their Arms repair,
 And with prompt Courage in good Order from
 Their Trenches March, as if in view of *Rome*,
 Their Publique gods, and every Private Lar,
 Had witness'd, how they then pursu'd the War.
 The *Libyan* Troops on every side appear,
 Sometimes the Front infest; sometimes the Rear.
 Then on the Flanks impetuously fall
 Or flying, *Parthian*-like, with Arrows gall
 The advancing Foe, whose constant Valour makes
 His way, and all Attempts against him breaks.
 As when a Bull, first in the Cirque appears
 While Crys of Dogs, and Shows of Men his Ears
 Invade, He expects the fight, and murmuring stands
 And kicking into Air the flying sands,
 Prepares his Fury, that still greater grows
 By the Attaques, and Clamor of his Foes.
 Which, though on every side he bravely scorns,
 Some crushing with his Feet, some with his Horns,
 Tost to the Clouds, through all he, fearless, runs,
 Meets every Wound, nothing of danger shuns,
 Till by his rage, his strength improv'd, he o'rthrows
 The Lars, and breaks, a Conqueror, through his Foes.

Fam'd through the *Libyan* Coast, old *Hippo* stands (1)
 Whose Walls, at first, rais'd by *Tinacrian* Bands,
 By Naval Power, o'r all the neighb'ring Sea
 Such Terror spread, was so enrich'd by prey,

That

That, emulous of *Utica* by none,
 She was exceli'd, but *Dido's* Towers alone.
 Resolv'd her *Fate*, whate'r it was, to bear
 Where *Carthage* had a Foe, she, firmly, there
 A Friend appear'd, her Enemies defies,
 And all her wants, with *Roman* spoils supplies.
 Thither through all the dangers of a way (*m*)
 That or to want or labour could betray
 Their troops, the *Romans* march, with hope their Fame,
 (By a fresh Conquest of so great a Name)
 Again to raise, to wipe off Widdows tears
 At home, and *Rome* absolve from future Fears.
 For weak, as at her Birth then *Carthage* stood;
 Full of distempers, Faint with loss of Blood.
 Like a sick body whose declining Parts
 Supported are alone by outward Arts;
 Which once with-drawn, to Ruin the whole Frame
 Inclines, and scarce retains an empty name.
 Such then with *Hippo's* (*Carthage*) was thy Fate.
Hippo, thy sole Support, and Prop of State.
 Whose Friendship (which the World now only knows
 By name) all shocks of Fortune did oppose.

(1) This *Hippo* (for there were two in Africa) was likewise called *Hippargeta*, situate betwixt *Carthage* and *Utica*, of great strength, and very commodiously built upon the Sea coast by *Agathocles* King of *Syracusa*. Their Emulation of *Utica's* power, made them constant in their friendship to *Carthage*.

(m) *Calphurnius* coming before *Carthage*, those of *Hippo* were so active in its Relief, by burning his Engines, and destroying his Works towards the Sea, that quitting *Carthage*, he resolved first to be revenged on *Hippo*; but spending the whole Summer in this Siege, with great loss both of Men and Honour, he was forced to retire to *Winter* in *Utica*. Vid. *Appian*. *ibid*.

Scorning to base Advantage to give way,
 Or let her Profit, 'bove Her Honour sway;
 Still mindful of the Vows which she had made,
 While even the greatest *Libyans* betray'd
 Their Faith, and such *Phamaa's*, nor is't strange
 That Men of Noble Birth are apt to change.
 Since Interest first from Earth *Africa* forc'd,
 And Piety from Souls of Men divorc'd,
 Fear to be less, and an untam'd Desire
 To be more great, so furiously conspire,
 That rarely Virtue, mixt with their high Blood,
 Makes them continue Valiant, Just, or Good.
 Whether Ambition to be rais'd above
 What *Carthage* did allow, at first did move
 His thought to this, as *Massanissa* found
 Himself above his hopes, with Empire Crown'd,
 After he *Roman* Arms to *Libyan* joyn'd;
 Or that the Fear of *Rome's* great Power inclin'd
 His Soul to Treachery, He in the view
 Of his Arm'd Friends, whom that they should pursue
 His vile example, he invites aloud,
 (*) To *Scipio* flies, and to *Rome's* Service vow'd
 His future Arms, and safety, basely, sought
 From that right hand, which so great Ruine brought
 Upon his Countrey, th' Infamous Reward
 Of Treason, which all generous Souls abhorr'd,
 At *Rome* receives, with honours seeks his shame
 To hide, while *Carthage* execrates his Name.

(*) *Phamzas* resolving to revolt to the Romans; would
 render himself to none but *Scipio Æmilianus* then a Com-
 mander under the Consul, and famous for his Integrity;
 who sent him to Rome, where the Senate received him
 with great Honour. Vid. Appian. in *Lybicis*.

And

And now about the Walls, their Eagles shine
 With Silver Wings, while all within combine
 Against their Force, no Age, nor Sex their hands
 With-hold, but bravely, in divided Bands
 Their fiercest Rage, with equal Fury meet,
 And Stratagems with Stratagems defeat;
 Nor from the Walls alone, their Valour show,
 But day and night, with Sallies vex the Foe ;
 Their Trenches, with their frequent slaughters fill,
 And (as all *Africk* they excel'd in skill
 At Sea) the fierce Invaders from the Port
 Repel, and in their Gallies Ruins sport.
 Not *Archimides* in *Sicilian Wars*,
 Tossing tall Ships, like Balls, unto the Stars,
 As if he had design'd to invade their Sphere,
 And fix more wond'rous Constellations there,
 Then *Colchis* had renown'd, could e'r employ
 More Arts, the *Roman* Navy to destroy.
 While vain attempts, their Foes with terror fill'd ;
 And Winter's Cold, their Limbs and Courage chill'd.
 When both by Sea and Land incessant storms
 Threaten'd to these a Wrack, the Use of Arms
 To those deny'd , and the Besieg'd enjoy
 All shelter from those Ills which them annoy :
 And with their plenty from the Walls upbraid
 Their Camps necessities, with Wealth display'd,
 Their silent Bands to new Attaques invite,
 And proudly, but in vain, provoke the fight.
 For now the change of *Fasces*, as the year
 Expir'd, and Augurs superstitious Fear,
 The Consul to remove the Camp perswade,
 And their known Valour to strange doubts betray'd ;
 While from their Birds fantastick Appetite,
 Which Food rejects, or their Ambiguous flight,

They boldly dare pronounce the future State
 Of things, as if they read the Book of Fate.
 And from swoln Entrails of slain Beasts divine
 That *Carthage* then should rise, and *Rome* decline.
 Even those who Nature's Secrets with a more
 Sublime Conceit, and sharper Sense explore,
 From the Aspects of Stars and Planets seem
 To stamp their guilty Follies with esteem,
 And Heav'n entitle to the Crime, and tra it
 The Consuls silent Orders for Retreat
 Run through the Camp, and cover with the Night,
 From *Hippo*, the dishonour of their Flight.

The Moon with all her Starry train gave way,
 To the Alternate Empire of the Day,
 When to the Walls the People hast in Arms
 Ready to entertain those fierce Alarms.
 Which gaue the rising Morn, a deeper Red,
 And all the Furies with dire slaughter Fed.
 But now no Warlike Sounds invade their Ears,
 Peace shines about, the Ensigns of their Fears
 Are all remov'd, and what they there before
 Had trembling view'd, they boldly now explore.
 With busie eyes and hands their Children show
 Each Quarter of the Camp, where every Foe
 Of name: his Tent had pitch'd, and, vainly, kind
 Promise them spoils, of what was left behind.
 No more confin'd, out at the Ports they run,
 And, in their Sallies, what they late had done
 With glory to their joyful friends repeat,
 How here *Phameas* in a base Retreat,
 A Libyan, from Libyan Ensigns fled,
 And in the Roman Camp his hated Head
 Secur'd. How there the stout *Isalces*, while
 His Friends retir'd to safety, till a Pile

Struck through his heart, from an unerring hand,
 The Victim of his Countrey, kept his stand;
 Not *Cocles*, when the *Tuscan* King pursu'd, (n)
 (Though happier in his Fate) more bravely stood
 The memory of his Fall mix'd Joy with tears,
 And thoughts of dangers past, reviv'd their fears.
 The wise, though safe, are doubtful still in War,
 And think their dangers near, though ne'r so far.
 Back to the Temples then, with Garlands crown'd,
 They Pæans sing, and strew with flow'rs the ground.
 The Priests their Offerings on the Altars lay,
 And Vows for their Recover'd safety pay.
 All joys of People, who by Heav'n are blest'd,
 With unexpected Peace, are there express'd.
 As when his Vessel churg'd with all the Wealth
 The East affords for Pleasure or for Health.
 A Merchant in return by tempest tost,
 His Helm disorder'd, Sails, and Riggings lost;
 While death and horror him surround, his prayer
 Now undisturb'd, and lengthen'd by Despair,
 When beyond hopes, the Seas, and Angry Winds,
 By some propitious god appeas'd, he finds,
 And the desired Shore attain'd, at last,
 He values safety, by his dangers past,
 Which to delight his Friends, are often told,
 And from his former Fears, create him Bold.

(n) *Horatius Cocles*, who gave a stand to the whole Army of *Porfenna*, while the flying Romans broke down the Bridge over *Tyber* behind him, which saved the City.

But *Utica*, reserv'd by Fate to be (o)
 The last Retreat of Vanquish'd Liberty
 (Since there, the (p) Senate's General must fall,
 Whose envious Ancestors so oft did call
 For *Byrsa's* Ruin) the Ausonian troops
 Receives, and to Inglorious *Fasces* stoops.
 Not conscious then, that in succeeding time,
 A Roman hand should vindicate that Crime,
 And *Cæsar* seem on (q) *Cato's* Name to take
 Revenge, in *Utica*, for *Carthage's* sake ;
 Which Act, alone, could *Juno's* Wrath appease,
 And in the Shades below, sad *Dido* please.

(o) *Utica* situate in the same Bay with *Carthage*, and next to it in power, was the Receptacle of the Romans for the management of their Affairs in Libya, and after the destruction of *Carthage* was the Metropolis.

(p) After the defeat near *Thapsus* of *Scipio*, *Cato* (as the last General of the *Pompeian* party) commanded then in *Utica*, and finding himself unable to resist *Cæsar*, (who marched towards him) in despair of a retreat from his Power, (to which all *Africa* did then submit) slew himself, and from his death, and Command there, was called *Uticensis*.

(q) *Cato* the Censor (Ancestor to the former) who never gave his opinion in the Senate (after the second Punique War) but he added, This is my Opinion, And that *Carthage* should be destroyed. That he was envious of the glory of *Scipio*, who put *Carthage* into the power of the Romans, may be observed in all Story.

F I N I S.



AN ESSAY

Upon the Third

PUNIQUE WAR.

LIB. II.

NOW (a) with a thousand Tongues, and thousand Eyes,
Dispersing Terrors, Fame from *Libya* flies,
And, is at *Rome*, as readily, receiv'd,
As Truth it self, and easier, Far, believ'd.
Their long success, crown'd, with so many years,
In *Africk* check'd, revives, and heightens fears :

(a) The ill management of this war, under the conduct of the Consul Manlius, much distracted the Romans, till Scipio Æmilianus, who had gain'd a great reputation (even among his Enemies) was chosen Consul and changed the face of affairs, and under him the War was finished. Vid. Appian. Libyc.

As if the Vertue of the Roman Name,
 Were, now, extinguish'd, or not still the same,
 No more the Fam'd *Marcelli, Fabii*, or
 The *Scipio's* and *Pauli*, great in War,
 In *Italy* survive. Luxurious Peace
 Had made the Memory of their Deeds to cease.
 Their sacred Images, alone, declare
 Their Vertues, none their Imitators were.
 It is enough th' Italian Youth enjoy
 Their Wealth, acquir'd, with honour'd Wounds, and cloy
 Their wanton appetites so, that even Fate
 Seems, now, to change, 'gainst the degenerate,
 Who nothing of Themselves, can, justly, boast,
 But their great Father's glories, which th'ave lost.

Such, from *Olympus* Top, Eternal *Jove*
 (b) The Race of *Mars*, and of the (c) Queen of Love,
 Beheld, and both the Deities arraigns,
 In these mild words : *What (Daughter) now remains*
To ruin thy great Issue, or (Mars) thine.
If Yea, your Interest, so far disjoyn ?
You Cytherea may indulge to Love,
Yet suffer that, He Warlike Arts improve.
What will become of your (d) Iulus race ?
Where will They, who must this Celestial place
Supply, be found ? who must the Heavens with Stars
Adorn, unless they, first, shall shine in Wars ?

(b) *Romulus and Remus descended from Mars.*

(c) *Julius Cæsar descended from Æneas, the Son of Venus and Anchises.*

(d) *The Son of Æneas, from whom Julius Cæsar, whose Star appearing at Noon-day, while Augustus (his adopted Son) celebrated Games to his honour, he was deified, first of the Emperours.*

(e) See

See how near Heaven, bright (e) Vertues Temple stands,
 And next Our Capitol, the Earth commands.
 Your Issue (Mars) must that High-way pursue,
 And though they keep (f) her Temple, in their view,
 Yet on those Altars first, their Victims lay,
 And then to Her, their lesser Offerings pay.
 With which, be (g) you content, if more you claim,
 What was for Honour meant, will turn to shame,
 Bid then, that Mercury to Earth descend,
 And to lascivious Rome this strait commend.
 Tell her how weak, her Riot, and Excess,
 Have rendred Her; how much, She, now, is less
 Since She gave Ear to those Circean Charms,
 And, stood so deaf, to Libya's alarms:
 And, that He may, more readily, diffuse
 This Our Command, some Noble Heroe chuse,
 Who still preserves the Honour of his Race,
 Nor will their Glory, by his Vice, deface,

(e) The Temple of Vertue, and that of Honour, were so built one by the other, that they could not pass to that of Honour, but through that of Vertue. It was first built by M. Marcellus (out of his Spoils of Sicily) near the Porta Capena, through which they alwayes entered in Triumph.

(f) Venus was honoured with several Names among the Romans, and with several Temples, but the first dedicated to Her at Rome was by Titus Tatius, in that part of the Forum, where the Romans and Sabines laid down their Arms and sacrificed. Vid. Plin. lib. 15.

(g) The Temple of Mars was very magnificently built near the Porta Capena in the High-way (called Via Appia) and so repaired (when decayed) and enlarged by Sylla the Dictator, that it stood upon an 100 Columns.

(*) *If any such Rome, yet, retains, he must
From Us descend, the Rest are lost in lust.*

At this Command, strait the (*) *Cyllenian* God,
Wings both his Head, and Feet, assumes his Rod,
With which, He can the Pow'rs of Hell subdue,
Imprison'd Shades relieve, make them review
Desired Day: the restless Furies charme
To sleep, and their dire Ministers disarm.
Then, suddenly, to Earth, He takes his flight,
And summons, from the bosome of the Night,
Her Troop of dreams, that fly, in various Shapes,
Through all the World, commit their several Rapes
On Humane Sense. Some with dire Horror fill
The Fancy: Some the Stygian drops distill
Of black despair, into distracted Minds,
And where these fix, th' Afflicted hardly finds
Relief, awake. Others, more lightly, fly
Through all variety of thoughts, and die
As soon as born. Some kind and gentle move,
Off'ring soft pleasures, and delights of Love.
All these, near Earth still hov'ring, strait the God
Dismiss'd, as useless, to their dark Abode;
And, from the numerous Throng, selected One
Of a Celestial Form, which waits Alone
On Souls, that still abstract from all that's vain,
None but divine Idea's entertain.
And when they wake, to what they dream'd aspire,
And cherish in themselves the Sacred Fire.

(*) *An Opinion cherished by Scipio Africanus; that he
was the Son of Jupiter. Vid. Sil. Ital. lib. 13.*

(*) *Mercury.*

Not far from *Rome*, yet distant from the noise,
 And tumult, that a Studious Mind destroys,
 A Villa stands, in the Campanian Fields,
 That, a Fair Image of *Elysium* yields,
 Where a brave Youth, of that (*) Illustrious Line,
 To which, the Fates of *Libya* did resigne
 Their pow'r o'r *Carthage*, the great Acts resolv'd
 Of Ages past, and with Himself resolv'd
 To imitate, at least, if not exceed
 His Ancestors, and each Heroick Deed.
 Hither the God conducts the Heav'nly Dream.
 The Youth was studious on that Noble Theam,
 (b) That Immortality to Souls assigns,
 And Man unto the Gods, by Reason, joyns.
 Soon as they here descend, th' *Arcadian* Wand
 Sheds Sleep through all the House. From *Scipio's* hand
 Strait Divine *Platotell*, and while with swarms
 Of thoughts, the Brain his busie Fancy warms,
 The Dream great *Africanus* Shape assumes ;
 Not such, as when to shun ingrateful *Rome's*
 Impetuous Votes, He to *Linternum* came,
 (i) And on his Tomb engrav'd their lasting Shame.
 But like Him, when his Valiant Hand redeem'd
 From Libyan Chains, the flatt'ring Tribes, and seem'd

(*) *The Scipio's.*

(h) *Plato in his Phædo.*

(i) *Scipio Africanus causing himself to be buried at Linternum a small Town in Campania, with this Inscription, Ingrata Patria ne Ossa quidem mea habebis, being persecuted by a Faction, after his great Service to his Countrey.*

A God,

A God, and, to the Capitol convey'd
 (k) His Lawrel in the Thunderers bosome laid.
 Such, and so Great He now appear'd, and while
 The Youth, with horror trembled, with a smile
 That promis'd safety, to a Starry Place,
 (From whence, beneath Him, all of Humane Race
 He might survey, conducts Him) Hence, said He,
The World, and thine own Fortune thou shalt see.
Behold that City, which I first subdu'd,
By which a bloody War is now renew'd;
Were Rome as Vertuous now as She was then,
Carthage could ne'r shake off her Yoke agen.
Rebellion never dares her Arms display,
But when the Rulers Vertue doth decay.
Thou shalt this Age redeem; Carthage by Thee
Shall be o'rthrown, and Thou shalt honour'd be,
 (l) *With envi'd Titles, heretofore by none*
Deserv'd, nor due, but unto Us alone.

(k) It was the Custom of the Triumpher, soon as he had dismissed his Captives (at the Gate of the Capitol) either to death, or perpetual prison, to advance into the Temple, and after his thanks paid (before the Statue of Jupiter) to all the gods, and a short prayer for continuance of their favour, to offer his Lawrel, and deposite it, in the Lap of Jupiter, or redeem it, with a Crown of Gold.

(l) Comming to Rome, as Candidate for the *Ædileship*, he was chosen Consul, with applause of the People, and undertook the War of Carthage which he destroyed. He was Nephew to the great Africanus by Paulus Æmilius his Daughter, and by Adoption his Son. In his first Consulship he had a Dispensation for being chosen before the Age allowed, and was employed as Legat, or Proconsul in all the places mentioned; but most famous (next his destruction of Carthage, for Numantia, in Spain) which he likewise utterly destroyed; being chosen Consul in his absence for that War. Vid. Liv. Appian.

Yet

*Yet other Honours Thee attend; Thou Nile
 Thou Syria, Asia, Greece, shalt rule, and while
 Fame of a dangerous War, with terror fills
 All Latium, to divert impending Ills,
 To Thee, when absent, Rome shall recommend
 Her Safety, and her unsought Fates send.
 Then Spain shall tremble, and, the vainly proud
 Numantia, as with Thunder from a Cloud,
 Dash'd by thine Arms to ruin, shall proclaim
 Titles as great as Carthage to thy Name.
 (m) Thy Trophies then thou shalt in Triumph bring
 To Jove, and Rome shall joyful Paans sing.
 But Envy will on all thou dost attend,
 Envy, that never doth the Good commend.
 She thy bright Glories, by thy (n) Friends shall wound:
 Yet persevere; Thou shalt at length, be crown'd*

(m) This War of Numantia lasted 13 years, in which several great Captains, had been employed; among others Tiberius Gracchus (whose Sister he had married) who made a Peace with the Numantines, so dishonourable, that the Romans afterward broke it. But Scipio undertaking the War, so closely besieged them, for some time, that to the envy of all other before him, he forced them in one day to burn themselves with all their Wealth together; not one remaining, saith Florus and Justine, to wear Chains in his Triumph; though Appian otherwise.

(n) Those who most envied him were the Gracchi his own Kindred, whom he with Scipio Nasica so opposed in their Popular Faction, that one of the Gracchi was slain in the Capitol; and Our Scipio resolving to harangue the People the next day, his Wife Sempronia (as believed) poison'd him, in revenge, and he was found dead in his Bed, when the Commonwealth, was so distracted, that it was conceived, nothing but his being Dictator could settle it. Vid. Cicer. Somn. Scipion.

*With all that Rome can give, nor safe will She
 Her self esteem, till thou Dictator be.
 This is thy way to Heav'n, who deviates from
 This path, can ne'r to these blest Mansions come.
 For know that God, who did create this Place,
 Reserves it, only, for that Glorious Race,
 Whose Souls from hence descending, while they are
 Confin'd to Bodies, which, on Earth, they wear;
 Love Vertue, and their Countrey's Good pursue :
 Its Wealth and Power augment. Themselves subdue,
 And, so the Fury of their Lusts restrain,
 That, We, with Joy, receive Them here again.*
 This said, the God, and Dream, at once, forsakes
 The Youth, amaz'd, who, at the instant, wakes,
 And seems still to behold, with fixed eyes,
 The fleeting Shade, to whom, he, thus, replies :
*Whether Thou art a Deity, or Shade,
 Or Dream, that thus do'st ; now, my Soul invade,
 Thine Image I'll retain, and so pursue,
 That, though it Fiction seem, it shall be true.
 Whether it be the Crime, or Common Fate
 Of Rome, so vilely to degenerate,
 From what She was ; to scorn Immortal Fame,
 And Future Bliss, for present Lusts, disclaim ;
 My single Vertue, shall her Name redeem,
 Her Honour raise, revive her lost esteem.
 The Actions of Those, of Noble Blood,
 Make all beneath Them, either bad, or good.
 Example rules the World ; and all that She
 Should imitate, Rome shall behold in Me.*

* The praecistence of Souls asserted by Plato in his *Phaedo*
 and *Timaeus*, and Cicero in *Somn. Scip.*

Assist me then thou God! if such Thou art!

Or Africanus Shade! to Me impart

All that was thine. I shall desire no more

To make Rome Greater, than She was before.

As this He spake, the Night to Hell retir'd,

The Morn arose. He as from Heav'n inspir'd,

To Rome strait posts, in's Mind revolving all

The Dictates of his Dream: the Capitol

First in his prospect, thither He repairs,

And, while He *Jove* consults, of all his cares,

The Genius of *Rome* the Senat fills

With Voices, that enumerate the Ills

That by their former Generals were brought

On Roman Arms, while They in *Libya* fought,

Till *Africanus* undertook the reins

Of War, and *Carthage* brought to *Rome* in chains:

This made Her Mistress of the World, but now

Since Fate would not the same Success allow

To other Chiefs, and *Utica* alone

The Roman name, as Sovereign, wou'd own,

Heav'n had no other Hand reserv'd t' efface

Those Stains, but one of that Illustrious Race.

With that, bold Factions the Court divide

Some for themselves, some for their friends employ'd

Their tedious Harangues, and, some who ne'r

Had merited in Arms, more fierce appear

To undertake the War, and promise more

Then those, who had been Conquerours before.

But, while they thus contend, like Rising Day

Dispersing Fogs, and chasing Clouds away,

Young *Scipio* enters. The Majestick Grace

With which He mov'd, his stout and manly Face

Where all the Lines of sober Courage might

Be seen, and promis'd Victory in fight.

The Eyes of all th' Assembly on him drew,
 Who now, no more the fierce debate pursue:
 But, as when first to the assembled Greeks,
 God-like *Achilles*, did appear (his Cheeks
 Then newly cloath'd with down) deep silence through
 The Camp was spread, while all admiring view
 The vigor of his Eyes, and Limbs, his broad
 And lofty shoulders, like the *Oetean* god
 In all. Him all the Captains strait commend,
 As the most fit with *Hector* to contend;
 Whose Fall alone must ruin hapless *Troy*.
 So *Scipio*, with universal Joy
 The Senate entertain, and, by their choice,
 Raise acclamations of the Publick Voice,
 Which the Consent of Heav'n, doth strait approve;
 While from his Shining Arm, by Thunder, *Jove*
 Serene's the Capitol; with dreadful storms
 Makes *Libya* tremble, and with strange alarms
 The *Carthaginian* Walls and Temples shakes,
 So that even *Dido*, in her Mable, quakes.
 No place from Terror's free, the neighb'ring Sea
 Swells, and with Waves invades, and drowns the Day.
 Night intercepts the Hours, and fills the Sky
 With Meteors, that in various Figures fly
 Towards *Saturnus* ruin'd Fane, and, there
 O'r his neglected Altars disappear.
 Religion then (as Fear before) their Minds
 Possess'd, and its Effects most bloody finds.
 For now *Barcinna*, whose Ambition fir'd
 Her Husband first, and first the War inspir'd
 With all the Cunning Arts, that do infect
 Her Sex, or can their Minds to Ill direct,
 Th' assembled Matrons (like the *Theban* Dames
 At Trieterick Feasts) with zeal inflames,

Those

Those Ominous Portents on *Italy*
 To turn, and *Carthage* so from ruin free.
Behold (said she) *how the* (*) *Ausonian* god
You summons to his long-destroy'd Aboie !
To memory recall, what dire effects
 (o) *Sicilian Armies, once, for such neglects,*
On Africk had, until the god those Rites
Receiv'd, to which He now again invites.
 This said, to th' Senate (whom a Pannick Dread
 Before had call'd) She (like *Agane*) led
 Her Frantick Troop. There with redoubled strokes
 Her Brest invades, and with wild looks invokes
 The cruel god ! then to the Fathers thus
 Directs her Speech. *If, yet, these Walls, and Us*
You will secure, if you will expiate
Those Crimes, which these dire prodigies create,
Give to the gods their due ; think not your Arms
Shall prosper, while a Foolish Pity charms
Religion thus, and you those Rites forbear
Which to Our Fathers so propitious were.
Twice by Sicilian Bands, hath Libya seem'd
T' expire, as oft by this great god redeem'd :

(*) Saturn, who when he fled from his Son Jupiter, lay hid in Italy, and denominated the Countrey.

(o) It was the Custom of the Carthaginians when in distress, to make these Barbarous Oblations to Saturn, as when Gelon the Sicilian overthrew Amilcar with slaughter of 150000 Carthaginians, which constrained them to beg Peace; and then when Agathocles so cruelly harassed and spoiled their Countrey, that little was left to them, besides their City, which Barcinna attributes to the Neglect of those Sacrifices of the Noblest Children offer'd by their Predecessors to the number of 220 at a time: after which their City by degrees recover'd.
 Vid. Diodor. Sicul. lib. 20. Herodot. lib. 7. c. 153.

*Ner had the Roman Arms so far prevail'd,
 Had you in pristine Piety not fail'd.
 If We are willing that you should exact
 These Victims: We, whose Bowels have been wrackt
 To bring them forth, why should you fondly love
 To hugge those Children, may your Ruin prove?
 Or if your Consciences too tender are
 To see them bleed, why d'ye pursue the War?
 Mistaken Piety! What you to Heav'n
 Deny, will be to Latium Triumphs giv'n.
 This said, the Place, driv'n by Fanatick zeal,
 She quits, and boldly doth to Heaven appeal.
 Deep silence seiz'd the Senate, who amaz'd
 At what she said, upon each other gaz'd.
 (p) At length young Hasdrubal; If it become
 Your Wisdom (Fathers) to be rul'd at home,
 By this weak Sex, 'tis time that you withdraw
 Your Armies from the Field, and take the Law
 From Men (*) whose Valour bath the World subdu'd;
 For what is now by these desir'd, ev'n rude
 And barbarous Nations have exploded long,
 And when you shall such Rites perform, you wrong
 The gods, who now are better understood:
 They, kind, all Sacrifice of Humane Blood
 Abhor: We 'ave store of Flocks and Herds, with these,
 Or pretious Gums, the Angry Gods appease:
 For if your Sons on these dire Altars bleed,
 Who shall preserve your Temples? who succeed*

- (p) This Hasdrubal was Gulustia's Sisters Son; whom the
 other Hasdrubal, suspecting to hold intelligence with his
 Uncle, took occasion to kill in the Senate, with some
 piece of one of the Seats. Vid. Appian. de Libyc.
 (*) The Romans.

*In Arms? who shall the Libyan Name defend,
 Or Bounds maintain, for which you now contend.
 And though Barcinna may our long neglect
 Accuse, as if the Gods all else reject
 That we shall do, think how great things, how high
 (*) Brave Hannibal perform'd, who did deny
 The same. What then her Hasdrubal hath done,
 Since, to inaugurate his Command, their Son
 They sacrific'd. As this he spake, strait all
 Their Eyes reflect, on th' Elder Hasdrubal,
 Who near him sat, and, as himself was nam'd
 (His rage already at his Speech enflam'd)
 Snatch'd up a mighty Beam, and strait his Brains
 Dash'd out, and with his Blood the Senate stains.
 Is't not enough; that thus Gollussa's spy
 Oppose our Rites, but He must all decry
 That I have done (said He) I, who (you know)
 So lately have repell'd th' insulting Foe;
 (q) While Utica, alone, the poor Remains,
 In hatred to our Carthage, entertains,
 And you with silence (while his Crime doth call
 Or for the Cross, or some worse torture) all
 Approve! 'tis time (with that he spurns his Face)
 That now I leave him to you, and this place.
 This said, he strait retires. A sudden Dread
 Of his revenge, through the Assembly spread,
 They soon dissolve. Confusion through the Streets
 Runlike Erinnyes, seizeth all she meets,*

(*) Vid. Sil. Ital. lib. 4.

(q) After the defeat given by Hasdrubal to the Consul Manlius, the Romans kept themselves within Utica, till the Arrival of Scipio.

And their ~~disaffected~~ Minds with terror fills!
 Some least a Civil Rage (the worst of Ills)
 Might the divided City open lay
 To th' neighb'ring Foe, some least they should betray
 Their Liberty to One, who too elate
 With his Command, durst, in a free debate,
 With noble Blood, a sacred Council stain;
 And, rashly, what was Holy held, profane.

But with the day, their fears increast, while they
 A Fleet (the Burthen of the *Libyan* Sea)
 Beheld, where *Scipio*, as He approach'd the Rode,
 Offer'd warm Entrails to th' Indulgent god;
 Who now with Him conspir'd, and drove before
 The floating Sacrifice, to seize the Shore.
 From his Pretorian Ship the General views,
 And to the rest the joyful *Omen* shews.
 Loud Clamors then o'r all the Ocean ring,
 They ply their Oars to Land, and *Pæans* sing.
 This to the Walls the City strait invites,
 And all against the Common Foe unites,
 None are exempt from Arms, each Sex, and Age,
 For Universal Liberty engage.

Now to the Shore the Navy joyns, on Land
 Brave *Scipio* leaps, and seizing in his hand
 The barren Earth; *This in the name of Rome*
And all her gods, do I (said He) resume
What Africanus did o'r Carthage gain.
No more shall She with Perjuries profane
Those Altars, where She due Obedience swore.
 With that He calls the Army all ashore,
 Their Courage, makes them hasty to obey,
 And some precipitates into the Sea.
 But all, at length, the Field, in Order, crown,
 And shew their threatening Eagles to the Town.

As thus a while, expecting the Command
 T' advance against the Walls, they silent stand,
 Fierce *Hafdrubal* from an adjoining Wood
 That sacred from *Eliza's* Time had stood,
 With his *Maurusian* Troops (like sudden rain
 From Hills swell'd to a Torrent) fills the Plain,
 And strikes with barbarous Shouts the Marble Sky.
 With which the City from the Walls comply,
 And the still silent Roman to the Fight,
 Vainly exciting their sad Fate, invite.

But *Scipio*, whom nothing could provoke
 To any thing was rash, the Fury broke
 Of his Impatient Bands, with these few words :
Reserve (Companions) your Victorious Swords,
For such a Foe as will with Courage fight;
Not such as these, Who in their speedy flight,
Or those thick Woods, where they protected are
From your assault, seek to maintain the War.
As you advance, they will retire, they know,
'Tis not a Manlius now, but Scipio,
Who leads you on ; that now, like Souldiers you,
 (r) *And not like Robbers, Will the War pursue.*
Then take your Piles and Axes in your hands,
Possess that ground, where now the Libyan stands;
None there will dare to see a Romans Face :
And, as you them, like Beasts, to Covert chace,
The Wood, before you, fell, and still pursue,
Till Carthage shall stand naked in your view.

(r) The Roman Army under Manlius (saith Appian) was so loose in their Discipline in Africk, that they lived rather like Robbers than Souldiers, and were alwayes beaten; till Scipio, restoring the Ancient Discipline, made them Conquerors.

This said, with cheerful showts, they all advance,
 And as th' approach the Enemy, his Lance
 First *Scipio* thrēw, which through *Himilco's* Head,
 (Their Standard-Bearer) pierc'd, and struck him dead:
 The Ensigne, with his Body fell, and strait,
 As if on Him, Alone, the Common Fate
 Of all the Army did depend, they fly.
 With that thick Clouds of Piles obscure the Sky
 And fall upon their backs ; while to the Wood,
 They, routed, halt, and various Tracts of Blood,
 Detect their flight ; the *Romans* still pursue
 The Chace, as Hunters, having lost the view,
 Follow the Slatt, till in some open Plain,
 From Covert forc'd, the Stagge imboist, is slain.

The *Libyans* thus dispers'd, their Axes all
 Employ, and strait tall Pines and Cedars fall,
 With aged Oakes, whose mossy branches wore
 The Shields of several Nations, who that Shore
 Had fatal found : Whether they wrack'd had been
 Before they did on Land, the War begin,
 While the perfidious Syrts, ashore had cast
 Their Ruins, to be there, as Trophies plac'd :
 Or that they had their way through *Libya* fought,
 And thither spoils of other Cities brought ;
 To boast their Victories, while *Carthage* stood
 Safe, in her Walls, alone, and sacred Wood ;
 Where She, at length, the Enemy subdu'd,
 And, oft, with Joy, as in a Temple, view'd
 Those boasted Monuments, that now appear
 To give new Matter of Revenge, and Fear.

For Fate, to hasten on what she design'd,
 Calls from *Atlantick* Hills, a sudden Wind
 T' assist the Roman Arms, and so conspires,
 To ease their Toils. A Pine then *Scipio* fires,

Whose

Whose unctuous, and impetuous Flame soon spreads
 It self, through all the Woods, the tallest Heads
 Of Cedars, Oaks, and Beeches it invades,
 And turns to Ashes the delightful Shades;
 Where Nymphs did, since the birth of time, resort,
 And with the wanton Faunes and Satyrs sport.
 Their Ancient Abodes they now forsake,
 And with their dreadful lamentations wake
 The salvage Beasts, that in their Dens still slept;
 Till rous'd with sudden noise, strait forth they leapt:
 But round besieg'd with flames, soon back retir'd,
 And roaring in their bloody Beds expir'd.
 Like a rough sea, the smoak to Heaven ascends
 And over all the Town, it self extends
 In Stygian Waves; the Walls, and Towns, in Clouds
 Are lost, while *Scipio* his Eagles throwds
 Under this ruin, and on *Megarian* Walls
 With his whole force, like a rude Tempest, falls.
 The Place, Religion had with strength indu'd,
 (s) And in *Amilcar's* Temple oft renew'd
 Their superstitious Rites, since He in fight
 Retir'd to sacrifice, and from their sight
 Vanish'd to Heav'n. Here nothing could retard
 The progress of their Arms, but the reward
 Of Valour (wealthy spoils) which they divide
 In hast, and vanquish'd Deities deride.

(s) *This Amilcar commanding in Sicily, while his Army was engaged in fight, with-drew himself, either despairing of Victory, or superstitious to obtain it by Sacrifice; but being never after seen, his Army being Conquerors, entertained an Opinion of his Sanctity, and built a Temple, and honoured him with Sacrifice. Vid. Herodot. in Polymn.*

(t) Here

(r) Here nor Apollo did himself protect,
 But seem'd his Golden Image to neglect;
 While some his Bow, his Shafts, and Quiver share;
 Others his Head divide, and shining Hair,
 And then to other parts as rich descend,
 And who shall most despoil the God contend.
 All sense of Piety in desires of Gain
 Is lost, and Avarice doth all profane.

But *Scipio*, like *Janns* several ways
 The dangers past, and what might come surveys,
 Considers, that when Victory her Wings
 Doth slack, the Conquer'd, oft the Pean sings.
 Delay of the pursuit, gives strength, and time
 To turn the Victors Valour, to his Crime.
 His men, He therefore summons from the Prey,
 Who, starting, at the Signal, soon obey,
 And with their Arms, again, all stain'd with gore,
 Threaten a greater slaughter than before;
 While killing they went on, till streams of blood
 (v) Choak'd up the way, and the pursuit withstood.

But, now, the Sun declines, and either side,
 'Gainst future dangers, for themselves provide.

(r) *This Image of Apollo (of pure Gold; and very large) the Roman Souldiers took and divided; which Sacrilege Scipio (after Carthage was taken) punished, by refusing those that were guilty of it, to have any share in the spoil of the City. Appian.*

(v) *At their entrance of Megara the Romans made so great slaughter, that the blood of the Carthaginians made the way so slippery, that they could not pursue them, as they fled into the other retreats of the City. Vid. Appian. Libyc.*

The labours of the Day could not appease
 Their Cares, nor Night their weary Bodies ease.
 (w) Not long before, by *Censorinus* doom,
Carthage, by fatal Change for Peace with *Rome*,
 Her Elephants, her Arms, her Ships, with all
 She or her Glory, or Defence could call,
 Had to the Foe given up, and, every where,
 Was naked left, till Ruin and Despair,
 Arm'd her again, no weapons now remain'd,
 But such, whose matter from their Temples gain'd,
 Or stately Palaces, were forg'd by night,
 And fitted, e'r the following day for fight,
 By weak and artless hands their Bulwarks are
 From Ruins rais'd, and they maintain the war,
 With all that makes them weak. Nothing for Sea
 Or Land can be suppli'd, but by the Prey
 And Spoil upon themselves. Their Cables were
 (x) Compos'd of Mothers, or of Virgins hair,
 Who cut the lovely Tresses from their heads,
 And firmly interwove the Curling threads,
 So, that their little Navy was suppli'd
 With Cordage, late their Beauty and their Pride;
 Such, as ev'n *Cytherea* had bewail'd,
 Had not the Love of *Rome*, 'bove all prevail'd.

(w) *Censorinus* the Consul, had before perswaded the *Carthaginians* to deliver up all their Arms and Ships, with promise that they should enjoy their Laws, but this done pronounc'd the destruction of their City, and their removal higher into the Countrey, that they might be wholly Strangers to the Sea, by which they had rais'd their Empire. This Sentence drove them to that Despair, which made them renew the war more fiercely, than when in a better condition. *Appian. ibid.*

(x) *Vid. Appian. ibid.*

All other gods bemoan'd this City's Fate,
 Whose Miseries no Muse can well relate;
 Whose dismal Story do's exceed belief,
 And Cruelty it self afflicts with grief.
 That City, which seven hundred years had stood;
 Which with expence of so much wealth and blood,
 Her Walls (first measur'd by an Oxe's Hide)
 So high, had rais'd, and stretcht her Bounds so wide,
 That ev'n *Rome* fear'd her Yoak, in a vast Flame,
 Must lose, at once, her Empire, and her Name.

But (*) *Nemesis* that sometimes slow, sometimes
 As swift, as thought's aveng'd on prosp'rous Crimes,
 Their want of Faith, by which they did delude
 The gods so oft, their unjust Arms imbru'd
 So oft in blood of Innocents, their dire
 Excess of Cruelty, by sword and fire,
 While they their Arms in *Italy* employ'd,
 (y) And twice two hundred Cities had destroy'd,
 Thus to the gods (who then in Counsel sate,
 To understand the last resolves of Fate)
 With just Complaint declares, *If yet (ye gods)*
Th' Impieties of Earth, to your Abodes
Have not arriv'd; if their repeated Faults
Have not with horror shook Celestial Vanities;
I, against Carthage, should not now declaim
Above the rest, did not her Impious Fame,
So fill the Universe, that Men begin
To question, that you are, or that y^e are bin.
Your Justice thus deferr'd, makes them grow bold,
And Crimes like Vertues look, while uncontroul'd.

(*) Justice.

(y) While Hannibal was in Italy, he destroyed (saith Ap-
 pian) four hundred Cities.

Though

Though Carthage hath been guilty long of all
 Those Ills, for which you let your Thunder fall
 Upon the World, yet can she not forbear
 T' excite your Anger, even in her despair.
 Not Tygers, nor her Libyan Serpents can
 More Rage and Fury, against Wretched Man
 Express than She. See! what Infernal Arts
 She now in practice puts, in all her parts!
 Not (*) Scinis Pine, nor dire (i) Procrustes Bed
 So cruel were as these; nor (*) Horses fed
 With Humane Flesh. See! How around her Walls,
 (z) To the Inhumane Spectacle, She calls
 The Roman Camp, while tortur'd Captives lie
 Kill'd in each limb, not suffer'd, yet, to die;
 But are constrain'd, expiring, to revive,
 And, Nature by fresh torments kept alive:
 'Tis therefore time this City to debell,
 And let them know, such Cruelty's for Hell,
 Alone reserv'd, and those who practice't there
 On Earth, shall greater Plagues for ever bear:

(*) Scinis a famous Robber in Thessaly, tyed such as he took
 Captive, to Branches of a Pine, bowing them so be
 fastened to their Legs and Arms, and then letting them
 fly back, suddenly, to their Natural Position, tore the
 Bodies in pieces.

(i) Procrustes another Robber, who tortured such as he
 took, on a Bed; to the length whereof he fix'd all Bo-
 dies; which if too long he cut shorter, if too short he ex-
 tended by the Rack.

* Diomed King of Thrace, fed his Horses with the flesh of
 such strangers as he took in his dominions.

(z) Hasdrubal to put the Carthaginians past all hopes of
 mercy from the Romans, with several exquisite and most
 barbarous torments, put to death all Captives upon the
 Walls, in view of the Camp. Vid. Appian. ibid.

This

This said, the Father of the gods, the Hour
 Assigns to Fates, to execute their Pow'r,
 Which they to *Scipio* devolve, and He,
 In the pursuit of their severe Decree,
 (a) *Cotho*, their best support, first takes away,
 And cuts off all Relief by Land and Sea.
 Then Famine from the *Libyan* Desert comes,
 And greedily their Stores, for Food, consumes.
 Her glistly looks, more dreadful than the Foe,
 A long, protracted Death, and Ruin show.
 Through the whole City then she raging flies,
 And with nefarious Meats a while supplies
 The weak remains of Life. All that before
Saguntus felt, or angry gods could more
 Inflict, poor *Carthage* suffers, till her strength
 Unable to support her Arms, at length,
 (b) Twice twenty thousand to the Victor yield,
 And treacherous *Hasdrubal*, who long the Field
 Had kept, despairing to afford her aid,
 Himself, a vile submissive Captive laid
 At *Scipio's* Feet, and in the publick view,
 (c) Enchain'd, for an Inglorious Life doth sue.
 And, now the Hour arriv'd, and, every where,
 Death and Destruction in all Shapes appear.

- (a) *Cotho* was the strongest part of the Haven, encompassed by a Wall, which *Lælius* took by assault in the night; and this taken, there was no possibility of relief by Sea.
- (b) The City being reduced to the last extremity by famine, forty thousand (among whom the Chief was *Hasdrubal*) came out and submitted to *Scipio*.
- (c) *Hasdrubal* was placed in Chains, at *Scipio's* Feet, sitting on a high Tribunal, that he might be seen, by his Wife, and those with Her, in the Temple of *Æsculapius*.

Like

Like Ghosts the Famish'd People in the Street
 Offring their throats to slaughter boldly meet
 The Conquerour, who now amazed stands,
 And do's a while with-hold his cruel hands,
 Till pity the Relief of death affords
 To those, who wanted Blood to stain their Swords ;
 Who this, their chief Felicity do call,
 That with their ruin'd Countrey they may fall ;
 (d) And leave even *Scipio* to bewail them, while
Carthage in flames, is made their Funeral Pile.

(c) High as the Capitol, and, long, above
 All other sacred held, as that to *Jove*,
 A Temple stood, where the (*) *Crotonian* God
 With Offerings rich, kept his select Abode,
 And *Libyan* Votaries, restor'd to Health.
 Here to preserve his Honour, and the Wealth,
 A Tower was rais'd, from whence they could explore
 The Countrey round, the City, Seas, and Shore.
 Thither *Barcinna*, by her Courage led,
 To be more honour'd then her husband, fled.
 And, with a few defends the narrow way,
 Against the Foe ; and while she doth survey
 The Stately Palaces, whose lofty Rooms
 Enrich'd, with Tapistry from *Tyrian* Looms,

(d) When *Scipio* saw the City first a fire ; he (considering
 the instability of Fortune, and that the same thing might
 happen to his Countrey) wept. *Appian*.

(c) This Temple of *Æsculapius* (the most wealthy in all
Carthage) with a Tower of great strength, by reason of
 the narrow passage to it, was situate on eminent Rocks,
 and had sixty steps to ascend to it, and was the last place
 of Retreat, when the rest of the City was taken and
 fired.

(*) *Æsculapius*;

And

And Roofs with Gold and Ivory inlay'd,
 (To boast her former Wealth) to *Vulcan* made
 A Sacrifice; *It well becomes* (said She)
 (Dear *Carthage*) thy sad *Destiny*, and *Me*,
 With *Universal Ruin* thus to fall;
This Pomp is fittest for Our Funeral.
I cannot wish thee stand, when Rome shall be
Thy Mistress, and impose her Laws on Thee:
Those who do covet to survive Thee, are
Such, whom not Pity, but Contempt doth spare;
Unworthy, in such glorious Flames to die,
Or mix'd with Thee, as in one Urn to lie.
 As this She spake, She some, whose little breath,
 Could only beg a short Reprieve from death;
 (f) Their hands (with *Vervin* from the Altar fill'd)
 Extended to the *Roman Camp*, beheld,
 'Mong these, as chief, her *Hasdrubal* was seen;
 Then, as by *Gorgon* She surpriz'd had been,
 All tears with rage dri'd up; *Wretch!* worthy all
 The *Miseries*, that can on *Carthage* fall,
 (She cries) *perfidious Wretch!* who do'st desire
 To live, when thy dear *Country* do's expire!
 Oh! born to be a *Slave!* and, what is worst,
 Unto the *Servitude* of *Rome* accurst.
 And most unhappy *I*, who live to see't!
 What shall I say, when *Hannibal* I meet
 In those *Abodes* where *Noble Heroes* shine?
 How blush, that such degenerate blood, as thine,
 I have commixt with *His*? but this disgrace
 With Thee (*vile Man*) the last of all thy Race,

(f) *Verbenx* (or *Vervin*) with other Herbs and Flowers,
 taken from the *Altars*, were as often used as *Olive Bran-*
ches, to be held out by such as begg'd Peace.

*With Thee shall die; and these thy Sons shall be;
 My last of Sacrifice, since got by Thee;
 Worthy to be reserv'd, as they are Thine,
 For Roman Triumphs; but as they are Mine,
 Most worthy thus to die, and with Me go
 To Hannibal's Embrace, in Shades below.*
 This said, into her hand, Erinnys puts
 A Sword, with which their tender throats she cuts.
 Then to the Fane her flaming (f) Yew applies,
 And, to deprive the Conqueror of his prize,
 All that she pretious held, or did esteem
 Might to the Enemy a Trophy seem,
 Into the Fire she throws: then on them lays
 Her bleeding (g) Sons; and, as, a while, she prays
 Their hovering Manes to attend her fall;
 To thee (said she) brave Scipio may all
 The gods propitious be, as now they are;
 Thou only dost pursue the Laws of War:
 But, may that most Effeminate of Slaves
 Long, such, be thine; nor cross the Stygian Waves,
 Till he shall wish, that join'd unto my side,
 As in our Nuptial Bed, with Me h' had dy'd.

This said, into the Flames she leaps, and all
 The Temple, with the Tow'rs together fall
 Upon Her, in one Heap, as if to entomb
 Barcinna's Ashes, in despite of Rome;

(g) This Speech of Barcinna's to Scipio; and her detestation of her Husbands pusillanimity is recorded by Appian.

Fate had that Monument, that all surpass,
 For her reserv'd, the Wealthiest, and the last ;
 That so with *Carthage*, equal in her Fame,
 She might perpetuate to the World her Name.



F I N I S.





THEODOSIUS

His ADVICE to his Son

E. Claudian. 46. Honorii Consulat.

HAd Fortune plac'd Thee on the *Parthian*
Throne,
(Dear Youth) and far, i'th East, ador'd,
alone,

The rude *Tiara* crown'd thy *Arfacian* Brow,
Thy high Descent might then suffice, and thou
Secur'd by Birth, might'st in thy Pleasures flow:
But *Rome's* great Court, will no such Princes know.
There not in Blood, but Vertue, thou must shine,
And, to that Vertue, noble Actions join;
Which hid, is vile : for, what can it produce,
In darkness drown'd ? like Ships, that want the use
Of Helmes ; or Lutes without their strings, or Bows
Unbent. Yet this, who e'r Himself not knows,
Nor can the Passions, of the Mind, allay,
Shall ne'r obtain. To it's a rugged way.

Learn what Man is ; when his *Ætherial* Flame
Prometheus mix'd with Earth, our Parts to frame,
Sincere, as when from Heav'n He stole't, the Mind,
Struggling for liberty, He kept confin'd ;

E 2

And,

And, when Things Mortal, nothing could compose,
 Two more He added : with the Body those
 Perish, but, this survives, when they are dead,
 And upward flies. Her Empire's in the Head,
 Where all Our Actions she directs and guides.
 Their station's lower, which the Neck divides
 From Hers. Where They her Dictates entertain,
 And, that Things Sacred, might not with Prophane
 Be mix'd, the Workman gave, to every part,
 Its place, distinct. Anger, the Bloodlike Heart
 Within the Brest maintains, as fill'd with Fire,
 It swells, when headlong Rage, or mad Desire
 Of Mischief, it inflames ; when chill'd, with Fear,
 It self contracts ; but, when 'twas found to bear
 All things, with violence, and rest deny
 To the whole Frame, the Lungs a moist supply
 Of Air, yield to the liquid Flames, and, so
 The swelling Fibres, through soft Conduits, flow.

B r, weighing nought, all coveting, desire
 Is forc'd into the Liver to retire,
 And lower Tracts. Where, when she opens, wide,
 Her Monstrous Jaws, she can be satish'd
 With no supplies. Sometimes, she's wrack'd with cares
 Of Avarice : sometimes the Wounds she bears
 Of burning Love : sometimes her Joys o'rflow,
 And then, opprest'd with grief, the streams as low.
 Then satish'd, again, doth higher rise
 Like *Hydra* fluin, which Death with Strength supplies.
 But, whosoe'r these Tumults can controul,
 Gives a safe Temple to the Purest Soul.
 Though thou command the farthest *Indian* Shore,
 Though *Medes*, soft *Arabs*, *Serians* thee adore :
 If Anger sway thee, base Desires, or Fear,
 Thou art a Slave : within thy Self shalt bear

Unequal Laws : Thou, then, of Right, maist bring
 All, to thy Rule, when of thy Self, thou'rt King.
 'Tis Custom makes Us prone to Sin, and We
 To all the Charms, of rein-less Luxury,
 By licence, yield : 'tis Conquest to be chaste
 When *Venus* tempts thee. Or when Wrong is plac'd
 Before thee, to suppress thy Rage. But these
 Dire Tumults, wisely, in thy self appease ;
 Nor what thou maist, but, what becomes thee, do,
 And teach thy thoughts, Things Honest to pursue.

But above All, think, oft, on this ; That thou
 Liv'st in the midt of all the World, and how
 Thy Actions to all People are reveal'd.

A Princes Vices never are conceal'd.

For their high Fate discovers all they do,
 And busie Fame explores, and pries, into
 Their most reserv'd Retreats. Let Piety
 Be thy chief Care ; for though We' inferiour be
 In all we do, yet Piety, alone,
 Can make Us like the gods. Jealous of none
 Nor doubtful be, but, Constant to thy Friends ;
 Nor greedy of Reports ; who e'r attends
 Such Vanities, shall empty Rumors fear,
 And, in Himself, be wrack'd with anxious Care.

No Strength of Guards, nor Rings of Piles can prove
 So safe to Thee, as will the Peoples Love :
 Which Thou shalt never force. Thy Kindness must
 Create this in them, and, a Mutual Trust.
 Thou seest the Worlds fair Frame it self entire
 Preserves, by Love. The Elements conspire,
 Kindly, among themselves. His Tract the Sun
 Still keeps. The Sea, within its shores, doth run :
 And th'Aire, by which Earth's compass, and upheld,
 Nor presseth on its Burthen, nor doth yield.

Tyrants, who Terrors give, fear more : They still
 The Famous envy, and the Valiant kill.
 Though Swords and Poison guard them, no Retreat
 To them seems safe, they tremble, while they threat,

Like a Good Patriot, and a Father All
 Advise not for thy self ; and, what they call
 The Publick Good, prefer before thine own.
 If a Decree thou publish, to be known
 As sacred, first observe thine own command ;
 The People will submit, and ne'r withstand
A Law, whose Author, first, Himself obeys.
A King's Example, all his Kingdom sways.
His Life, more than Edicts, upon the Minds
Of Men prevails ; and, as the Vulgar finds
Him change, they follow. But when this is done,
Slight none beneath Thee ; nor desire to run
Beyond the Bounds to man prescrib'd ; for Pride
Like a black cloud, the brightest parts will hide.

We give Thee not *Sabeans*, apt to be
 Enslav'd. Nor the *Armenian* Monarchy,
 Nor the *Assyrian* (once a *Womans*) Throne.
Thou Romans must command : who, long, alone
 Have rul'd the Universe : who nor the Pride
 Of *Tarquins*, nor would *Cesar's* Laws abide ;
 Our Annals ancient Crimes record, whose stains
 Eternal are. What Age the Monstrous Reigns,
 Of the *Casarean* House, will not abhor ?
 Who knows not *Nero's* cruel Murthers ? or
 (a) The horrid *Caprean Grotto*, by an old
 Incestuous Man possess'd. Thou mayst behold

(a) Tiberius Cæsar ; retired to Caprea, a little Island in
 Campania, where he acted many cruel Murthers and
 abominable Lusts.

Great *Trajan* still, Immortal, in his Fame ;
 Not that, with Conquest, He from *Tigris* came,
 And *Parthia* made our Province : Or, that He
 In Triumph, for his *Dacian* Victory,
 Entred the Capitol ; but, that his Mind
 Was Equal still, and to his Countrey kind.

Such Great Examples (my dear Son) be sure
 To follow ; and, when call'd to war, inure
 Thy Troops to labour, and for sharpest fights
 Prepare ; let not the Ease, or warm delights
 Of Winter Quarters, thy unactive Hands
 Un-nerve : but, in some wholesome place, thy Bands
 Encamp, and with strong Guards, thy Line defend.
 Learn when to close thy Ranks, when to extend
 Thy equal Wings, and them to close again.
 What Troops are fit for Hills, what for the Plain ;
 What Valleys apt for Ambush ; what wayes are
 Most difficult : And if the Foe the war
 Within their Walls maintain, for battery strait
 Prepare, and let thy Rams the massie weight
 Of stones roll down ; the arm'd *Testudo* shake
 Their Gates ; the lab'ring youth their passage make
 Through secret Mines. If a long Siege delay
 Thy hopes, let not secure Conceits betray
 Thy Conquest, or believe them close block'd in ;
Many by Careless Mirth have ruin'd bin.
Straggling they've perish'd, and while Ease they enjoy'd,
Of Victory hath guardless Troops destroy'd.
 Let not thy Tents be fill'd with the delight
 Of Courts ; nor let arm'd Luxury invite
 Soft Ministers of Lust, still to attend
 Thy Ensigns ; nor be careful to defend
 Thy self from Winds and Rain, nor seek to shun
 With rich *Umbrello's*, the too furious Sun.

Eat what thou ready find'st ; thy self apply
 To constant exercise. Beforemost, high,
 Steep Mountains to ascend ; nor think it shame
 To take an Axe in hand, when need shall claim
 A Wood be fell'd. If thou 'rt to pass a Moor,
 Or Lake, on Horse-back, first, the depth explore.
 O'r frozen Rivers let thy Chariot go
 The foremost ; first swim over those that flow.
 When hors'd, through Troops of Horse charge, boldly,
 A-foot, the Foot assist ; all danger then (when
 Will glorious, and grateful seem, when thou
 Art present, and, shalt each brave deed allow.

But, I thy early Inclinations know,
 Be not too hasty, thou wilt stronger grow.
 As yet not ten years old, thou dost aspire,
 To what ev'n men may dread, I see the Fire,
 The Marks of thy great Soul. 'Tis told by Fame,
 That the brave youth, who *Porus* overcame,
 'Midst his Companions joys, wept, when he heard
 His Father's frequent Victories, and fear'd
 Great *Philip's* prosp'rous Valour, nought would leave
 To him for future Conquest. I perceive
 Like Motions in thee, and, may divine
 (A Father may) thou wilt, hereafter, shine
 As Great, as He ; nor to my Favour owe
 That Empire, which thy Innate Worth may so
 Deserv'dly claim. So, when the painted Spring
 Appears, the murm'ring Bees their growing King,
 Who must conduct them to the Fields, adore ;
 Their Publick Laws for Honey, and, for store
 In Combs, observe. So, a young Bull, whose Horns
 Are yet scarce firm, the Pasture claims, and scorns
 A Rival in the Heard. But war forbear,
 Till ripper years, and, with thy Brother, here,

(While

(While I'm engag'd) my place secure; you may
 Teach unsubdu'd *Araxis* to obey,
 And swift *Euphrates*. Yours all *Nile* may be,
 With whatsoe'r the Rising Sun doth see.
 But, if the *Alps* we pass, and our good Cause
 Have like success, that Warlike *France* thy Laws
 May hear, and *Spain*, obey thy just Command,
 Thou then shalt come, and, I, into thy Hand,
 Will all my Conquests put. Then, then may I,
 Secure of Fate, pleas'd with my labours, die :
 While you both Poles may rule. Mean time, among
 The Muses still thy self employ, while young,
 And read what thou may'st imitate, converse
 With *Greece*, and *Rome's* Antiquities; discourse
 The Acts of ancient Captains, and apply
 Thy thoughts to future war; on *Italy*
 As 'twas of old reflect; if thou aspire
 To a forc'd Liberty, (b) *Brutus* admire;
 If Treachery thou hat'st, thou wilt approve
 Of (c) *Metius* torture. If thou do'st not love
 Too great severity, thou wilt detest
 (d) *Torquatus* Act. If a vow'd death seem best.

(b) Brutus the first Consul, who expelled the Tarquins, and made Rome a Common-wealth.

(c) Metius Suffetius by the Command of King Hostilius, was fastned to two Chariots, and torn in pieces; for that when he should have assisted him against his enemies, he only looked on, resolving to side with the Conquerour.

(d) Tit. Manlius Torquatus, who slew his Son for fighting without his Order, though he had the Victory, and brought the spoils of the Enemy to his Father, who crown'd him for his Victory, and then beheaded him for his Error.

(e) The

(e) The *Decii*, running into dangers, you
 Will reverence. What one brave Man may do,
 (f) *Cocles*, on *Tyber's* broken Bridge, alone,
 Engag'd, and, (g) *Mutius* burning Hand have shown.
 From (h) *Fabius* learn th' Effects, of wise delay.
 What in distress'd affairs, good Conduct may
 Perform, (i) *Camillus* slaughter of the *Gauls*
 Declares. Hence know, whatever chance befalls,
 True Merit still excels. The cruelty
 Of *Carthage* gives Eternal Fame to thee
 (k) Great *Regulus*. Had * *Cato* had success,
 The Glory of his sufferings had been less.

- (e) The *Decii* were a Noble Family in Rome, three where-
 of successively vowed Themselves to Death, for their
 Country.
- (f) *Horatius Cocles*. Vid. *suprà* lib. 2. 3^{tti}. *Belli Punic*.
- (g) *Mutius Scaevola*, who having vowed to kill *Porfenna*,
 then besieging Rome, and killing another instead of him,
 burn'd his right hand for the mistake, in presence of *Por-*
fenna; who admiring his Courage, and terrifi'd with
 the Information, that 300 more had vow'd the like, im-
 mediately made peace, and rais'd the Siege.
- (h) *Fabius Maximus the Delayer*, who tired out *Hanni-*
bal, by his Delays of giving Battle; and so retir'd his
 Country.
- (i) *Furius Camillus*, the *Gauls* besieging Rome; being
 then in exile, came upon them suddenly, destroyed their
 Army, and relieved the City.
- (k) *Regulus* taken prisoner by the *Carthaginians*, was sent
 by them to Rome, upon promise, that if he did not obtain
 such terms of Peace as they desired, he should return to
 them. When at Rome, he advised them to pursue the war,
 and returning to *Carthage*, was cruelly put to death by
 them. Vid. *Sil. Ital.* lib. 6.
- * *Cato Uticensis*. Vid. lib. 1. 3^d. *Punic War*.

Observe what sober Poverty may do;

(l) *Curius* was poor, when Kings he overthrew.

(m) *Fabritius* poor, when he scorn'd *Pyrrhus* gold.

(n) Nor did *Serranus* think it shame, to hold

The dirty Plough, when a Dictator, and

(His humble Cottage view'd) the Lic'tor's hand

Fix'd to the Willow Posts, his *Fasces*. There

The Harvests by a Consul gather'd were.

And the rude Fallows (to advance their Rate)

Till'd by a Ploughman, in his Robes of State.

Thus your great Father, like an Aged Guide

Of some tall Ship, by many Winters try'd

With various Storms, of the Sea weary grown,

And Age, commends the Helm unto his Son.

Shews him all dangers, and his Arts: What Star

The right-hand guides: How swelling Billows are

By steerage, to be shun'd: The Signs of Rain,

The treachery of clear Skies: When to the Main

The Sun descends, what will ensue: What Wind

Disturbs the Moon, and makes her Face unkind.

But now, great Prince, wherever thou do'st shine,

Whether the South, or Northern Heav'n be thine,

See thy desire fulfill'd; thy Noble Deeds

Thy Son not only equals, but exceeds.

(l) *Curius Dentatus*, thrice Consul, a Person of great frugality and integrity, refused the large Offers of *Pyrrhus* and the *Samnites*, whom he overthrew.

(m) *Fabritius* did the like.

(n) *L. Quintus Cincinnatus*, chosen Dictator while he was holding the Plough, and having overcome the *Equi*, in sixteen days laid down his Office, and returned to his Husbandry.



T H E
P H E N I X :
Out of *CLAUDIAN*.

Beyond the *Indies*, and where *Eurus* Wings
Are spread, by farthest Seas encompass'd, springs
A Grove, which, by *Sol's* lab'ring Steeds, of all
Is, first, awak'd, and hears the lashes fall,
When the moist borders, with the dewy Coach
Resound. Whence, by her Blush, the Morns approach
Is seen, and, in her flying Mantle, Night
From far grows pale, by the reflected light.
Here, the too happy Phenix lives, alone,
Fenc'd with a matchless Climate, touch'd by none
Of Nature's sickly Race : where ne'r oppress'd
By those Contagions, that the World infest,
He (like the gods) continues Firm, as are
The Stars, and, with Recruited Limbs, the War
Of Time debells ; not us'd, with Cates, the rage
Of Hunger to subdue : or Thirst assuage
In Springs. But, nourish'd by the purer Rayes
O'th' Sun, and harmless Vapors of the Seas,
Lives on that Airy Food. A Secret Light
Flies from his Eyes, about his Face as bright

A Glory shines, and, on his Radiant Head,
 The rising Crest a Native Star doth spread :
 From whose clear Beams, divided Darkness flies,
 As from the Day. Rich Scarlet paints his Thighs,
 And his Wings (which *Cerulean* Flowers enfold)
 Out-fly the Winds, above enrich'd with gold.
 He, Sire, and Off-spring of Himself, does come
 Neither from Seed conceiv'd, nor teeming Womb.
 But, by a Fruitful Death, without the Aid
 Of Parents, his Stiff Joynts, with Age decay'd ;
 (From duty now discharg'd) repairs and flies
 To a fresh life, as often, as he dies.

For when his Summers, through a thousand Rings
 Have run ; with Winters, and as many Springs
 And Autumns, that to lab'ring Peasants paid
 Their wealthy Shades ; at length unweildy made,
 To time (by numerous Ages overcome)
 He yields. As Pines by Tempests shaken from
 The Head of *Caucasus*, decline, and are
 Press'd into Ruin by the Weight they bare.
 Some by continued Winds, some by the rage
 Of wasting showres, and some by canker'd age.

His sight now waxeth dimme , his aged Beak
 Distills faint Iicles about his Neck.

As when the Moon, encompass'd in a Bay
 Of Clouds, with dubious Crescents shrinks away.
 Those Wings, that through the Clouds were wont to fly:
 Trail on the ground. Then knowing he must die,
 Framing the Cradle of 's returning Form,
 He chuseth driest Simples, from the warm
 Adjoyning Hills, and, of that rich Perfume,
 Makes both his future Birth-bed and his Tomb :
 Where plac'd, (his former Strength and Vigor done)
 He first, with Fainter Cries, salutes the Sun :

Then

Then prays, and with a Suppliant Anthem claims
 The Blessing of his youth-restoring flames.
 Whom, when *Sol* sees from far, He strait appears
 To stop, and thus his Pious Darling cheers ;
 Oh thou, who shak'st off Age upon thy Pile,
 And with false Sepulchres dost Fate beguile,
 Who, out of thine own Ruins, oft, art born,
 And from thy death, as young (as doth the Morn
 From Night) returnest, thy Beginning take
 Again, and, here, thy wither'd Corps forsake,
 And, in thy Figure chang'd, come forth more fair.
 This said, shaking his Head, a single Hair
 From's yellow Locks, He, sudden, darts, and so
 With Vital Lightning strikes the Willing, who
 That, thus from death, He may, with speed, return
 To life, with Joy, doth voluntary burn.

These Darts from Heav'n the Heap of rich perfume
 Soon kindle, and the Aged Bird consume.
 The Moon, amaz'd, pulls back her Steeds ; the Pole
 Ceaseth, the slow Naves of the World to role.
 The Pile, thus teeming, Nature (careful Dame)
 Least she should lose her Bird, the faithful flame
 Removes, that so, th' Immortal Grace of Things
 She may restore ; when strait warm Vigor springs !
 Through all the Members, and in every vein
 Reviving Blood, begins to flow again.
 Then, of it self, the living Dust assumes
 Motion, and, the Rude Embers cloaths with Plumes,
 He, that, of late, the Father was, the same
 Is now the Son, and New succeeds the Flame
 The Confines of his double Life, awhile,
 Divides. Then strait to hallow, near to *Nile*,
 His Father's Manes, cov'ring o'r with grass,
 The Urn, and Parent-Nest, He, swift, doth pass

Into another Clime, and bears it to
 The *Pharian* Land. A vast, un-number'd Crew
 Of winged People (wondring as He flies)
 Attend, and, in their varied flight, the Skies
 Like an huge Army, cloud. Yet, among all
 Those many Myriads, none their General
 Presume, in flight, to cross, or go before,
But, all the Tract of their bright King adore.
 Neither the furious Hawk, nor Bird that bears
 The Arms of *Jove*, dares move, or think on Wars ;
And, from their Reverence, Common Peace proceeds.

From *Tygris* so, the *Parthian* Captain leads
 His barbarous Troops, in Gems, most proudly drest,
 A rich *Tiara* doth his Brows invest ;
 Gold Reins his Horse ; his Purple Robe is wrought
 By *Assyrian* Needles : and, thus swell'd with thought
 Of 's high Command, through *Tyrian* Troops he goes.

There is a City (which all *Egypt* knows)
 Where, in a stately Temple, rais'd upon
 An hundred *Theban* Columns, they the Sun
 Adore, with Sacred Rites. Here first (they say)
 His Custom is the Parent-Urn to lay.
 Then, prostrate to the Image of the god,
 Unto the Holy Flame commends his load ;
 And, on the Altars offers up, instead
 Of Incense, his own Reliques, and his Seed :
 When strait the Myrrh-annointed Pillars shine,
 And holy Altars breath a Fume divine.
 The *Indian* Odor, now it self dilates,
 Through all the *Pharian* Coasts, and penetrates
 To the *Pelusian* Pools, all *Egypt*'s fill'd
 With wholsom Air, which, as if Heav'n distill'd
 Immortal Nectar through it, all the while,
 Perfumes the seven large Mouths of Swarthy *Nile*.

Oh

Oh happy! thine own Heir! that gives to thee
 New Life, by which, we all dissolved be!
 From thy dead Ashes doth thine Off-spring rise,
 And thou secure, thine Age before thee dies.
 Whatever was Immortal, thou hast seen,
 And, Time calls thee to witness what hath been.
 Thou know'st what time, from springing Rocks, the Seas
 Their swelling Waters to the Stars did raise:
 What year it was wherein the Worlds great Frame
 By *Phaeton's* Error perish'd in a Flame.
 No Ruin can thee touch; when Earth shall be
 Worn out, thou from Decay, alone, art free.
 'Gainst thee the Fates, nor Law, nor Pow'r can have,
 Till the whole World shall be thy Pile and Grave.

F I N I S.

